him, so as to have an early start the next morning. So, one Friday afternoon-the

Mr. Kilpatrick came, bringing Music, and Whalebone, and Tip, with others. Mr. Col-

lingsworth brought Fanny, and Rocket, and

brought Rowan, and Ruth, and Top, and

Flirt. There were other hunters with their

dogs, and one or two gentlemen who had

avenue, close at the heels of the cantering

appearance.
Both Buster John and Sweetest Susan

finger at Sweetest Susan.

This sort of an introduction charmed the children, who were shy, and put them at

their ease at once.

"Here's your tobacco, Johnny Bapter.
Now don't feed my horse till I come out tonight, and do put him in a dry place where
the wind can't strike him, and if you have

time, wash his legs. The roads are awful.
Hang my saddle and blanket on the side
fence yonder. I'll go in and tell 'em howdy,
and then I'll come out and look after

He went in the house with each of the

children holding him by a hand. He seem-ed to be a child with them. He shook

hands with the host and with the other guests, and excused himself on the plea

that he wanted to have a frelic with the

children. He was seventeen, but had none of the characteristics of that age. He was

even more juvenile in his actions than Sweetest Susan. He made the children call

him Joe, and asked them where there was

a shelter where he could put his saddle to keep it out of the dew.
"Make Johnny Bapter hang it up with

the rest in the carriage house," suggested

peculiar saddle. It has a dog tied to it by an invisible string." Sure enough! When they reached the side fence, there was Hodo lying directly under the saddle and blanket, which Johnny Bapter had placed

on the fence. "You can see the dog and saddle," remarked Maxwell, "but you can't

see the string."

Buster John suggested the old carpenter

"Will he stay?" Buster John asked. The ther dogs were all fastened up in the

direction.
"Maxwell," said Mr. Collingsworth, "I've

heard a heap of loose talk about this won-derful dog of yours. I lay you I have two

can outfoot him; Dennis has another, and Kilpatrick another. Where've you hid

can outfoot him; Dennis has another, and
Kilpatrick another. Where've you hid
him? I don't mind dark horses in politics,
but I don't like dark dogs in fox chases."
"Then you'll not like Hodo," remarked
Joe Maxwell, "for he's very dark, almost

black. Come, Hodo."
The hound instantly came from the shed,

and stood looking at his master, his head turned expectantly to one side. This ges-ture, as you may call it, was somewhat comical, but it was impressive, too. Hodo

was large for a hound; but very compactly built. His breast bone and fore shoulders

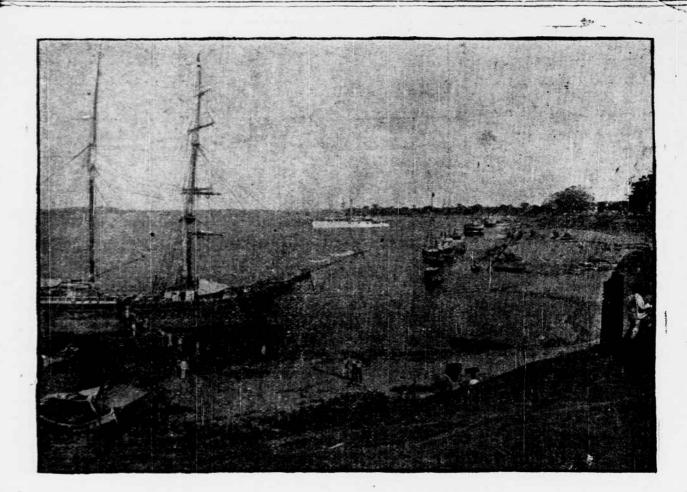
were very prominent, his chest was deep and full, his hams were almost abnormally

"No," said young Maxwell, "This is a

them.'

other

Bartow, with their chorus; and Mr. Dennis



RIVER FRONT AT CHUDAD BOLIVAR.

A LAND OF LEGENDS

Comparatively Unknown Region of the Orinoco Visited.

VOYAGE OF MINISTER F. B. LOOMIS

A Country of Remarkable Resources Almost Untouched.

INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY

The constantly increasing interest being exhibited by American merchants and capitalists in the resources of the great South American continent, which is virdisited by a representative of this country. Not only was there great commercial need for it, but from a political point of view the idea of sending a United States manof-war to display our colors in a region over which we have always extended a protecting influence was deemed a good one. Hearty approval was therefore given the suggestion and Minister Loomis, ac-companied by Capt. C. Collins, the mili-tary attache of the legation, left Caracas January 15, and proceeded to the Port of Spain, Island of Trinidad, where the Wil-mington, commanded by Capt. C. C. Todd, awaited them. Early on the morning of the 19th the Wilmington weighed anchor and proceeded along the southern coast of Trinidad through the Gulf of Paria, on what proved to be a memorable trip.

Entering the River.

Twenty hours later the estuary of the at the mouth of the mighty river, which is Americanes," "Viva el Ministro Loomis," twenty miles wide without a single point to

Old Guayana, or San Thome, was found an interesting spot—an old castle fort, perched like an eagle's nest, and the scene of many combats during the period of the Spanish domination. Built by the Spaniards in 1596, it was sacked by Sir Walter Raieigh in 1606, when he was striving to representatives. reach the Cuyuni basin in search of gold, was afterward eccupied by the French and Dutch and again by the English.

Remarkable Mining Region.

Leaving San Thome, the Wilmington sade its way to San Felix, on Puerto Talas, at the conjunction of the Rio Caroni and the Orinoco, the entrance to the counry of old legends, the real gate to the El borado. The gold mines are 150 miles in he interior, and great lines of laden mules were seen starting out with supplies or coming in with loads of treasure. There is the location of the famous El Cal'ao mine, which during twenty years yielded (Caowicca in gold and paid \$23.00.000 in dividends to its shareholders. Work upon it is about to be resumed. is time was accidentally discovered by

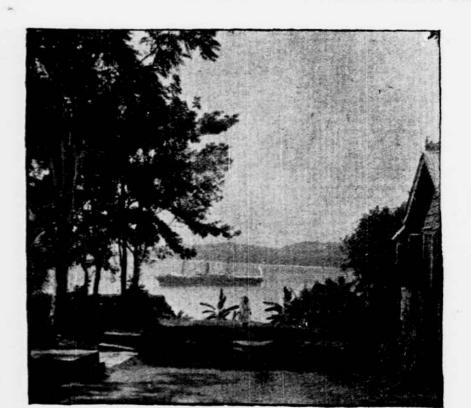
a Jamaican regro named Stelbel, who sold three-fourths of it to some Frenchmen, poor as himself, but having keen intelligence. In a few years all were million-

According to English and American spedoubtless by the investigation made in January last by Mr. F. B. Loomis, United gold field, which must be regarded as one States minister to Venezuela, on a voyage up the great Orinoco river on the gunthout Wilmington. Mr. Loomis was prompted to suggest to the authorities at Wash ed to suggest to the authorities at Wash- ton. To say that foodstuffs are exorbitant ing lightly worked at the present moment. At one time more than 12 000 miners were At one time more than 12'000 miners were employed in this district, earning a wage of \$4 to \$12 per day. The one thing wanting is a railroad, and it is known that a group of English capitalists, who are always practical, are only awaiting the result of the arbitration of the Guayana question to propose the construction of a line which they have already traced and there will be very little need for works of engineering skill in the construction, which will probably cover about 112 miles. The region is very healthy, of incomparable fertility, and even boasts in the town of

A Cordini Demonstration.

Cludad Bolivar astonished the entire population, which assembled on the water delta of the Grinoco was reached and a front and in response to the gunboat's sanative pilot taken aboard. The spectacle lute replied with shouts of "Vivan los

Ciudad Bolivar is situated at 543 miles break the view, was inspiring. The river was entered and as the Wilmington proceeded up the stream new and delightful scenes were unrolled. For more than 160 males—the Orinoco is more than 1,750 miles.



ISLAND OF TOBAGO.

long-the banks are very low and uniform and of a peculiar tint; the vegetation, re-markably exuberant, forms walls of living green interspersed with countless gay blooms, while the aquatic plants are wonderful in size and form.

The temperature was found to be de-lightful and game and fishes were abun-

At Santa Catalina, where the first step was made, Mr. Loomis found Americans. This town is the seat of the powerful Orinoco company, with a capital of \$30,000,000, which has its headquarters at Faribault, Minn. It enjoys concessions to millions of Minh. It enjoys concessions to millions of fertile acres, containing as well valuable mineral deposits and wood, including the balata, the substitute for rubber. The com-pany employes, who are beginning to de-velop this feetund domain, are housed in a two-storied building like a summer hotel. On the property is a mountain of iron ore containing 67 per cent of metallic iron. Thousands of Cattle.

Continuing the ascent of the river, the banks grew higher and the extensive cattleproducing district was reached. The lands here are not subject to the annual inundaone of the richest in the republic, and its chief city, Barancas, a large and picturesque village, is an important cattle-raising center, from which hundreds of thou-Porto Rico. There were 1.250,000 head of catile in the state at the last census, worth \$10 to \$12 a head, and Minister Loomis found that the Venezueians could send cat-tle to Cuba at less cost than they can be sent from Texas to New York. The industry is still in its infancy, and a great for-tune awaits the intelligent men who will attend to its development. No attention is are sold as soon as they reach a certain age.

tonca beans, hides, rubber, balata, etc. Almest all the large commercial houses be-long to foreigners, principally Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, and trade chiefly in supplies and provisions, furnishing th nones and cattle men, and in the wet sea-son when the river runs high revictualling by means of small sailing crafts, all the Indian villages as far as the boundaries of Colombia. At an earlier or later day this town is destined to become a very import-ant commercial market of the world. The shipping trade at the present time is done by an Anglo-Ameracan company which has twelve steamers of not more than six to eight feet draft, built especially in the United States for this service, which ascend the river to a great height and run from Cuidad Bolivar to Port of Spain, Trinidad. The company is at present managed by an energetle American, Mr. J. Morgan Olcott. The United States is represented at Cludad Bolivar by Mr. C. Robert Henderson, a native of Brooklyn, and who with his brother and water. brother and uncle have made large fortunes

as merchants.

Minister Loomis collected here a very tions. The state containing this district is | comprehensive amount of commercial statistics, which will be included in his forthcoming report on the subject of his journey, and in return for the courtesies extended him gave a ball on board the Wilmington, sands of animals are annually exported to which was attended by all the leading citi-Trinidad, Martinique, Guadaloupe and zens of Ciudad. At midnight the entire Cayenne, and, more recently, to Cuba and party was taken aboard a steamer of the Orinoco Shipping and Trading Company, and the ascent of the river continued for sixty miles, where a hunt was organized, and slaughter of wild ducks, deer and other game indulged in. It was found to be a veritable sportsman's paradise, for here attend to its development. No attention is the wild cat and wild bear.

Now given to judicious crossing, and cattle

Returning to Ciudad, the Wilmington was boarded and the return trip commenced to

Carupano and Guanto, where cordial demonstrations were given the United States reading something that Maxwell had writ-

representatives.

The object accomplished by the voyage was most important. The flag of the United States has been unfurled in regions hitherto almost unexplored; there has been a cordial interchange of sympathy, and Minister Loomis has secured valuable notes that interchange of sympathy, and Minister Loomis has secured valuable notes that will be incorporated in a report which will give merchants and capitalists admirable instruction on the great possibilities of the

instruction on the great possibilities of the Orinoco country.

This description of the trip has been compiled from an interesting letter written by Editor A. Jaurett of the Venezuelan Herald, who accompanied Minister Loomis, and, leaning down until Buster John could see nothing but one of his feet pressing against the saddle, fastened the catch. Buster John had never seen the gate openagainst the saddle, lastened the catch Buster John had never seen the gate open-ed and shut in this fashion before, for the latch had been purposely fixed low so that the little negroes could open the gate for vehicles going out and coming in. The dog waited with much dignity for the gate to be shut, and then came trotting along the avenue close at the heels of the cantering

THE PHILIPPINES.

A Manila View of the Result of Native Independence. From the Manila Times.

"In Mindanao, the withdrawal of the small, scattered Spanish garrisons has been the signal for intertribal wars, never quite suppressed, to burst into new life." This is the key with which alone the Philippine problem can be solved. Spain, weak and corrupt, perhaps, managed, at any rate, to preserve some semblance of order in the Philippines. Spain has now been driven out by Admiral Dewey's victory, and, pridard to the signal wars, never quite horse. "That's him," cried Buster John, clapping his hands. How often had Johnny Bapter and old Fountain described the horse and rider! "Pale little feller, look like he 'bout twelve year oi'. Rangy sorrel horse, wid long mane, an' a tail dat drag de groun." The tail was tied up, owing to the muddy roads, but the mane was loose, and gave the horse a very attractive and picturesque appearance. out by Admiral Dewey's victory, and, primarily, by that alone. It is, therefore, imperative that the United States must Both Buster John and Sweetest Susan ran to meet young Maxwell, but Johnny Bapter was before them. "Howdy, Marse Joe?" cried Johnny Bapter joyously.
"Why, howdy, Johnny Bapter?" Then as the children came up, Maxwell shut both eyes tight and said: "Wait! Johnny Bapter, I'll bet you a twist of tobacco that the young man over here is Buster John, and that this beautiful young lady over here is Sweetest Susan." While he was speaking, Johnny Bapter pushed the children around deftly so that they exchanged ed to suggest to the authorities at washing the suggest to the authorities at washing the first one of the innumerable inquiries received at the legation in Venezuela conceived at the legation in Venezuela conceiv establish some authority in place of the pine problem is narrowed down to the one

dilites to be set up and no native govern-ility, and even boasts in the town of Upata a saniforium or winter resort, which is highly appreciated by the inhabitants of the district.

quires to be set up and no native govern-ment is strong enough. In Negros the native leaders had sufficient intelligence to know this and sufficient honesty and moral courage to say so. In Cebu almost moral courage to say so. In Cebu almost the same. In Panay natives were fighting against natives, aborigines and tulisanes The appearance of the Wilmington at and katipunescos were disputing and wrangling and occasionally cutting each other's throats unofficially long before the Spanjards, besieged in Iloilo, had escaped to Zamboanga. In Mindoro and Paragua it is the same as in Mindanao-primeval savagery, let loose from the weak bands of Spanish suzerainty. The courry is as badly smashed, its social, commercial and administrative organization as completely knocked to pieces as the machinery of the sunken Reina Christina. To reconstruct either would be a task of inordinate defieither would be a task of inordinate diffi-culty, and probably not very profitable. The native government, say in Mindanao, can no more pull itself together than could the poor wrecked hulk off Punta Sangley. The hulk can be left as she lies, to cost nobody anything more than an inexpensive sigh of pity. Can populous Islands be left to sink in the slough of savagery? Can millions of human beings who have seen a glimmering of civilization, who have in cipient industries that should benefit the whole world, who have more or less Christianity among them—can these be left as they are, to cost nobody anything more than an anti-expansion argument?

Davos is a small coast town, exactly like what Batavia once was, and Batavia now what Batavia once was, and Batavia now is like what Davos may become some day. Davos, however, has two rival Aguinal-dians fighting for the presidentship, while the wild Mohammedan Moras from the shop, which was a long shed room, the en-trance to which had no door. There was a pile of shavings in the shop, and Joe Maxthe wild Mohammedan Moras from the mountains swoop down on the unguarded town, and the flerce sea rovers from all the piratical coasts of the southern seas Hodo he could go to bed and pull the cover the piratical coasts. are harrying the shore. "Machinery of government" evidently may be an infernal machine. Possibly the Filipinos may do better in some places than in Davos. They need to, for worse could not be.

But the varying degrees of anarchy prevailing in various places cannot shake the accuracy of the argument. We know from Aguinaldo's own official gazette that the northern provinces of Luzon are being raided by armed bands of lighting men hostile to his authority.

home.

Young Maxwell laughed. "He'll stay there till I come after the saddle, unless I call him out."

He was for returning to the house, but just then the children saw their grandfather and his other guests coming in their direction. But the varying degrees of anarchy pre-

to his authority.

Can the country be left to native rule?

That would save the United States a good deal of trouble, money and men. The deaths of soldiers may reach many thousands. though we fervently hope not. The money may reach a big figure, though that is comparatively unimportant. The United States having destroyed what little there was in the way of orderly rule, must face the task honestly and honorably whatever the cost may be. The one argument of the anti-expansionists, that the natives should rule the islands, is refuted by the example of these Islands already suffering from a premature independence.

... Recollections of Lord Nelson.

From Blackwood's. When Lord Nelson was commanding the Mediterranean fleet and was lying off the Spanish coast the captains of two Spanish frigates just arrived from America sent to entreat an audience of him, merely to give themselves the gratification of seeing a person whom they considered to be the greatest sean an in the world. Captain Hardy took their request to Lord Nelson, and urged him to comply with it. Notwithstanding the admiral's prevish reply of, "What in the world is there to see in an old withered fellow like myself?" he ordered that they should be admitted.

Lord Nelson always wore short breeches and silk stockings, and at that moment his legs were bound up at the knees and ankles with pieces of brown paper soaked in vinegar and tied on with red tape. This had been done to allay the irritation arising from mosquito bites. Quite forgetting his attire and the extraordinary appearance which it presented, Lord Nelson went on deck and conducted an interview with the Spanish captains with such perfect courtesy that his singular appearance was quite obhat his singular appearance was quite obliterated by the charm of his manner and the Spaniards left the ship with their high opinion of him thoroughly confirmed. He was very peevish about trifles and would sometimes say to Captain Hardy: "Hardy, it is very hard that I cannot have my breakfast punctually when I order it."

A Friendly Neighbor.

From Fiegende Blaetter. "Good morning. I have come to tun your piano."

"Why, I haven't sent for a plane tuner." "No, but the man in the residence next door did."



developed, and his tail ran to a keen point. Dennis, emphatically. "It will help to make his color was glossy black except for a dash of brown and white on his breast and "But two on a horse in a fox chase? Why. Now, the lucky chance which gave Buster John opportunity to see the fex hunt was legs, and a white strip between his eyes. His ears were shorter than those of the average pointer. His shape and biuld were on the order of a finely bred bull terrier, only on a very much larger scale.

"You call that a hound?" remarked Mr. Collingworth tokingle. both curious and interesting. The date was fixed upon, and the children's grandfather invited the hunters to spend the night with

Collingsworth jokingly.
"If the Birdsong dogs are hounds," rehunt was to take place on Saturday-the hunters began to arrive, some singly and sponded Joe Maxwell. some in couples, until all had arrived except young Maxwell and his hound Hodo.

sponded Joe Maxweil.

"He's a pretty dog," said Mr. Kilpatrick, "but he'll have some warm work cut out for him in the morning."

During this brief conversation Buster John had approached close to Hodo, and now laid his hand on the dog caressingly. Hodo flinched as if he had been stung, and snarled savagely, but instinct or curiosity caused him to nose the youngster, and then he whined and wagged his tail joyously as if he had found an old friend.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Maxwell; "this the first time I have ever known him to no dogs, but who wanted to see the sport. But these hunters, their friends and their make friends with a stranger. He has two faults, a bad temper and a hard head." Hodo fawned on Buster John and whined dogs, were not the ones Buster John wanted to see. So he continued to watch the big gate at the head of the avenue. Sweetest Susan watched with him, Drusilla being busy helping their mother, who, as a good wistfully. Once he curved his tail in peculiar fashion, and ran around, and hither and yonder, as if he were keen for a frolic. housekeeper, looked after her dining room Maxwell was so astonished at these manifestations that he could do nothing but laugh. Hodo's antics, however, had atand was not afraid to go into the kitchen.
Buster John was anxious lest young Maxwell would fail to come, and said so many laugh. Hodo's anties, however, had attracted attention in another quarter. A brindle cur belonging to one of the negroes took offense at the playful spirit of the barking ferociously. The cur was as large as Hodo, and quite as formidable looking. The hound heard the challenge and rushed to accept it, and the two dogs came to-gether some distance from the spectators. There was a flerce wrangle for the advantage, and then those who were watching the contest saw Hodo dragging the cur But when the sun was about an hour high, and just as Buster John had given up about by the neck and shaking him furiously. When Hodo finally gave him his liberty, the cur ran toward the negro

"I told you he wasn't a hound!" exclaim-



"I know where he used to stay."

ed Mr. Collinsworth. "If he is, he's not a common hound."
"I agree with you there," said Joe Maxwell, laughing. Returning from his encounter, Hodo went Buster John and rubbed his head against

the youngster, and followed him about This, of course, was very pleasing to Joe Maxwell; for ordinarily Hodo was very victous with strangers, and especially with When supper, which was a very substan-

tia! meal, had been discussed, Joe Maxwell called for Buster John and the two went to the lot. On the way there they were joined by Johnny Bapter. "Show me where my horse is, Johnny Bapter," said Joe Maxwell.

"He right yonder, suh, in de best stall dey is. His legs all clean."
"Well, then, Johnny Bapter, I want fifteen ears of corn, not the biggest, with sound ends, and two bundles of fodder. Put the corn in the trough, until the bundles of fodder outside, and whip as much of the dust out of it as you can. And then place a bucket of water in one end of

This was all very quickly and deftly done for Joe Maxwell's tobacco, as Johnny Bap-ter described it, "tasted like mo'," and the way to get more was to look after that sorrel horse.

"I hope you are going along with us in the morning," said Joe Maxwell to Buster John, as they were returning to the house. "Oh, I wish I could," the boy exclaimed. 'I'd give anything to go, but mamma says I'm too young. She's afraid something will happen to me." Young Maxwell laughed. "Why, I went

fox hunting before I was as old as you. Mr. Dennis took me behind him twice, because I promised I wouldn't hunt rabbits with his fox hounds." 'Please tell mamma that!" cried Buster

John. "I certainly will," said Maxwell. And he did. As soon as they went in the

house he took Buster John by the hand and went into the parlor, where the lady was entertaining her guests with music and conversation. She was in high good humor. Her eye sparkled and her laughter was pleasing to the ear.

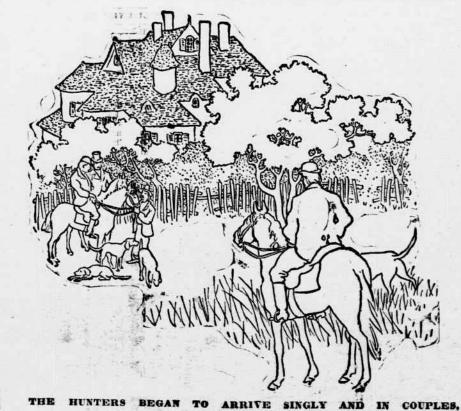
"Come in, you two boys," she cried, mer-ly. "Here's a comfortable chair by meshall I call you Mr. Maxwell? I used to call you Joe when you were younger."
"Everybody calls me Joe," said Maxwell.

"I have come to ask you a favor. Will you allow Buster John to go hunting with us tomorow morning?" "Why, who ever heard of such a thing?"
"Mr. Dennis, there, has heard of it-

twice.' The lady looked at Mr. Dennis, who gave an affirmative nod. "How would he go? she asked.

"On my horse, behind me." "What do you think of it, father?" "Why, I think he will be perfectly safe

"Let him go, by all means," said Mr.



"But two on a horse in a fox chase? Why, it's ridiculous," exclaimed the lady, "The horse would break down in half an hour."

"How much does Buster John weigh?" "How much does Buster John weigh?"
Joe Maxwell asked.
"Fifty-five," said Buster John proudly.
"Then the horse would carry a hundred and forty pounds. Mr. Dennis weighs at least thirty pounds more than that, and he's the smallest man in the party."

There was nothing for the mother to do but give her consent, though she gave it with many misgivings, as mothers will, and with many admonltions to Joe Maxwell to

with many admonitions to Joe Maxwell to take care of the boy, which he faithfully promised to do.

To make sure that he would not be left behind Buster John begged to be allowed to sleep in the room with Maxwell. This poin sleep in the room with Maxwell. This point was easily carried, and the youngster went off to bed triumphantly an hour earlier than usual. He was asleep when the hounds were fed on warm corn bread, especially prepared for them, and he was far in the land of dreams when, a little later, Joe Maxwell carried Hodo his supper, which Jemimy (bribed with tobacco for her pipe) had "saved out" for him. It was not large in amount, but carefully selected, and no doubt Hodo enjoyed it, for he made no complaint about it.

plaint about it.

Buster John, as has been said, went to bed happy and triumphant, and it seemed to him that he had been in bed but a few moments when he felt Joe Maxwell shaking and rolling him about in bed, and heard him crying cut. him crying cut;

"Where's this famous fox hunter who was to go along and take care of me this morn-ing? The horses are all ready, breakfast is ready (so Jemimy says) and everybody is ready except the Great North American Fox Hunter, know far and wide as Buster John. What can be the matter with him?" In this way Buster John was aroused to the realities, and he remembered with a thrill of delight that this was to be the day of days, so far as he was concerned. He leaped from the bed and was dressed in a

jiffy.
"Don't wake the house, my son," said Don't wake the house, my son, said Joe Mawell solemply. "There's your over-coat your mother sent up last night: the air is chilly this morning. There was a cold rain during the night."
"But you have no overcoat," remarked

Buster John. "Oh, I'm tough," replied Joe Maxwell, "Tve been out to look after my horse and dog. They are both prime, and the weather

is prime. If the fox we are going after is a friend of yours, you may as well blo him good-bye this morning." "He's very cunning," explained Buster John. "A great many dogs have chased him. He is called Scar-Face." "I've heard of him many a time," replied Joe Maxwell. "That's the reason I'm here today. If he's in the neighborhood the

morning, and you get a good chance, tell him good-bye."
"I think he knows all about this hunt," Buster John ventured to say.
"Oh, does he? Well, it will be a mighty good thing for him if he has moved his quarters; but we'll beat around and about, and see if he won't give us a dare."

"I know where he used to stay," said Buster John. He didn't know whether he was doing right or wrong. "Aaron showed "Aaron? Well, Aaron knows all about

it, and he knows a good deal more than that. Some of these days I'm going to

write a book about Aaron."
"Sure enough?" cried Buster John. "I can tell you lots of things to put in it. I can tell you things that nobody would believe if they hadn't seen 'em."

one for that part of the country, even if the coffee was made of parched rye and sweetened with honey. Shortly afterward the hunters were ready to ride to the field. It was still dark, but dawn was beginning to show itself, and by the time the final start was made—the children's grandfather having to give some directions to Aaron-

powers, had done a very foolish thing. During the night, and while the rain was still falling, he had ventured to reconnoiter still falling, he had ventured to recommore the Abercrombie place. He came out of the sedge-field through the bars, crossed the toad, and went steaking as far as the gin through the steamed and listened. The large he steamed and listened. The large he steamed and listened. The large he steamed and listened to the desk, where a sort of course to the control of the great advertisers of the came of the sedge-field through the bars, crossed the pulpit to the desk, where a sort of course of the came of the great advertisers of the great advertisers of the came of the great advertisers of th night was still, but his quick ears heard noises that would have been imperceptible to human ears-the playful squeak of a



rat somewhere in the gin house, a field rat somewhere in the gin house, a field mouse skipping through the weeds, the fluttering wings of some night bird. He heard the barking of dogs, too, but not a strange voice among them. He heard the Spivey catch-dog, with his gruff and threatening bark. Far away he heard a hound howling mournfully. The hound was evidently tied Close at hand harked the cur dently tied. Close at hand barked the cur that had challenged Hodo; he had not yet recovered his good humor. But not a strange voice came to his ears

This was easily accounted for. The hounds that were to pursue him had been comfortably fed, and were now fast asleep, while Hodo was curled up in shavings, dreaming that he had his mouth right on a fleeing fox. but couldn't seize him. He whined and moved his limbs as he dreamed, and a prowling cat that had paused to investigate the noise in the shavings filted away. All the sounds that came to old Scar-Face's ears were familiar; so, from the gin house he sneaked to the barn, as noiselessiy as a aghost, pausing on the way to listen. Hearing nothing, he went further, until he was under the eaves of the barn, in one end of which the horses of the huntsmen were stabled. Here he stopped and listened for some time. What could the silence mean? Peeping from the sedge-field during the afternoon he had seen the none horse. afternoon, he had seen more than one horse and rider pass along the road, and several whiffs of strange dogs came to his sensitive nose. He concluded that these men and dogs meant another chase after him; but he was not certain, and so came forth in he was not certain, and the dark to investigate. Usually when hounds are taken away from

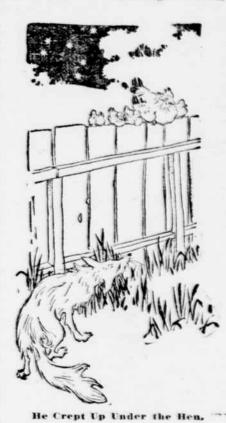
ome and fastened up out of sight of their masters, some of the younger ones will get lonely and begin to bark and howl. Old Scar-Face knew this well, but he didn't know that seasoned dogs rarely ever make such a demonstration unless they are hun-gry. Consequently, when he heard no barking and howling, he was almost convinced that, after a night's foray, he could return to the sedge-field and sleep undisturbed the next day. Still there was a doubt, and to ease his fears he decided to test the matte

more fully. On a fence near him a hen and half a dozen pullets were peacefully costing. He crept up directly under the hen, gathered crept up directly under the hen, gathered his strong legs under him, leaped upward, and the next moment was cantering through the dry weeds dragging the squalling hen by the wing. Surely the tacket was sufficient to alarm the plantation. At the barn he dropped the hen, placed a forefoot firmly upon her, and held his head high to listen. There was certainly a loud response to the hen's alarm. The geese in the spring-lot made a tremendous outery, seconded by the guineas, but the only deg that barked was the cur that made a mistake by attacking the cur that made a mistake by attacking

Hede.

This certainly seemed to be a fair test, and Old Scar-Face was satisfied. Her crushed the poor hen's neck in his cruel jaws, and put an end to her appeal for help, He was not very hungry, but he carried the hen home, premising himself a hearty breakfast in the merning. He are a good ration, however, and then curied himself snugly together until he looked like a big ball of yellow fur. ball of vellow fur.

He was awake early the next morning but before he was half through his break



fast the light of day was beginning to creep fast the light of day was beginning to creep under the briars, when he heard a long, mournful wail at the Abercrombie place, followed by another. How often he had heard this wail! It was the cry of foxhounds. He stayed not to hear it repeated, but skipped out into the gray dawn, like the shadow of four stealing over four the the shadow of fear stealing away from the light.

Advertising Experiences,

New York Leiter to Philadelphia Press.

END PART IX.

For many years a merchant of this city has proudly asserted that his name and the quality of goods that he sells were his best advertisement, and he looked with contempt upon announcement of his business in the newspapers. He has at last discovered that in this age of competition he must lost his business to his rivals unless he does as they do, make public anrouncement of what he has to sell in the newspaper column. It is one of the most striking indications we have ever had of the value to any business of newspaper type.

Last winter three or four dry goods houses went into Hquidation, and it was noticed that these were the only ones of the greater department stores of this city that never advertised their bargains in lieve if they hadn't seen 'em."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said Joe Maxwell, "we'll make a bargain: You shall tall the fox today if you'll tell me all about Aaron."

Buster John agreed, and the two shook hands over the contract in the most solemn fashion. In a few moments they were eating breakfast, which was a very good one for that part of the country, even if story of sudden success, comes from a firm

Another Hustration, interesting as a story of sudden success, comes from a firm that had a new article to put upon the market last winter. It decided to place \$100,000 in newspaper advertising, and as a result it has been compelled to refuse to take any new business. The orders came in in a manner that almost swamped the concern, although it has large capital and

naving to give some directions to Aaron—dawn was fairly upon them, and the chickens were fluttering from their roosts to the ground, and walking dubiously about in the half light.

Now, old Scar-Face, confident of his were not his vocation; and his salary was only \$800 a year. But he used to a himself writing unique newspaper adver-tisements, and they caught the eyes of the advertiser. A year ago this man earned with his pen alone \$50,000; he received \$30,000 salary, and he had 5 per cent of the profits in addition. That is better payment than Kipling's shilling a word for all that he writes.

> A member of the school board in a west-A member of the school board in a west-ern village was visiting the school one day, and the teacher politely invited him to question the pupils. "I reckon I'll try ye on spellin," said the man. "John, spell egg-wiped." But John failed, and so did all the others. Great was the astonish-ment of the scholars and the amusement of the teacher when the committeeman spell-ed the word bimself. For a park links. ed the word himself-E-g-y-p-t.-Judge. He-"Do you think your father will ob-

ject to my suit?"

She—"Not if you can show a receipted bill for it. It is only natural that he should want to know the extent of the pecuniary obligation he is assuming by taking you into the family."-Boston Transcript,



The story of love is as old as the world and as all embracing as the universe. furnishes the sentiment for all romances-

all novels—all plays.

The novelist considers it wholly from the sentimental, intellectual side, but there is another aspect even more important-the physical side. Sentimental love between men and women leads to close physical association—to marriage—to the rearing of children. And so health must be considered. A weak, sickly, head-achey, back-achey woman cannot be a good, helpful wife. She cannot bear healthy, happy children. She cannot give her children the proper care and training.

A sick woman has no right to marry. sick woman has no right to attempt motherhood. But no woman need be sick unless afflicted with cancer. There is a sure way for her to regain her health. She need not go to a local doctor and submit to the dis-

agreeable questionings, "examinations" and "local treatments" so invariably insisted upon, and so justly abhorrent to every modest woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has cured more cases of female weakness than any hundred local practitioners. He has proved that diseases distinctly feminine can

Write to him stating your symptoms and an account of your trouble and he will give your case careful, confidential considera-tion and prescribe for you free of charge. Mrs. O. N. Fisher, of 1861 Lexington Avenue, New York City, writes: "I had been a sufferer from nervousness with all its symptoms and complications. In the spring of 1897 I began to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Now L am not cross and irritable. I have a good color in my face and have gained ten pounds,"

e cured right in the privacy of home.